Queene. He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.
Richard. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough Beares.
King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with Drum and Soldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Soldiours.

Cliff. Are these thy Beares? wee'l baite them soone,
Despight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils crest,
The rampant Beare chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top the Cedar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,
Despight the beare-ward that protects him so.
Yong Clif. And so renowned Soueraigne to armes,
To quell these Traitors and their complices.
Richard. Fie, Charity for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

Exit omnes. *Alarmes*

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of [illegible] chard fighting, and Richard kils him vnder the [illegible] in S. Albones.

Rich. So, Lie thou there, and tumble in thy blo
What's heere, the signe of the Castle?
Then the Propheſie is come to passe,
For Somerset was fore-warnd of Castles,
The which he alwayes did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe
The Castle in S. *Albones*,
Somerset hath made the Wizzard famous by his

Alarmes againe, and enter the Earle of Warw

Warwick. Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwi
And if thou dost not hide thee from the beare,
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Clif. Warwicke stand still, and view the wa
hewes with his murthering Curtelax, throgh the
to finde thee out.
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford, Noble Lo
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.